witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarve ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*

Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horſe, you rogues; Give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat gut, lie down, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Falſ. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? Zounds, I loud, Ile not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelf in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poyſon: when jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane. *Ned Poynes* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto,

Peto. But how many be they of th

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob u

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* no coward, *Hall.*

Prin. Well, weele leave that to the

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe ſtands beh needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if

Prin. *Ned*, where are our diſgui

Poy. Here hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now, my maſters, happy m man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Trave

Tra. Come, neighbour, the boy ſh the hill, weele walk afoot a while,

Theeves. Stay.

Falſ. Strike, down with them, c horſon caterpillers! Bacon-fed kn down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaves chuffes, I would your ſtore were he knaves? yong men muſt live, you weele jure you, yfaith.

Here they rob them and bi the Prince, and P

Prince. The theeves have bound thou and I rob the theeves, & go m be argument for a week, laughter f for ever.

Poy Stand cloſe, I hear them co

Enter the theeves ag

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let u ſha day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be there's no equity ſtirring, there's no in a wilde duck.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37